





THE 1474 ad 5.  
**SCHOOL-BOY:**  
OR, THE  
**COMICAL RIVAL.**

A

FARCE of TWO ACTS.

By COLLEY CIBBER, Esq;



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L O N D O N:  
Printed for J. and R. TONSON in the Strand.

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### Answers about GI

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He has called his  
son, a man of  
modest mind yet  
possessing a special  
aptitude for business  
and the  
business  
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man  
himself.

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and the following regions will

SCENE London

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## Dramatis Personæ.

### M E N.

**M**ajor *Rakish*, an old,  
humoursome, wicked }  
Fellow, } Mr. Penkeithman.  
**Y**oung *Rakish*, his Son, whom }  
he keeps at short Allowance. } Mr. Mills.  
**F**riendly, Friend to young *Rakish*, Mr. Oates.  
**M**aster *Johnny*, the School- }  
Boy, a childish surly Sprig, } Mr. Cibber.  
**F**ather *Benedict*, a French Jesuit, Mr. Williams.  
**T**om, Footman to young *Rakish*, Mr. Wilson.

### W O M E N.

**L**ady *Manlove*, Mother to }  
Master *Johnny*, } Mrs. Baker.  
**L**ettice, her Maid, Mrs. Garnet.  
**B**etty, another Servant, Mrs. Willis, jun.

### S C E N E, LONDON.

T H E .



THE  
SCHOOL-BOY:  
OR, THE  
COMICAL RIVAL.

Jane Williams  
ACT I. SCENE, The Park.

Enter Young Rakish and Friendly meeting.

Young Rakish.

EAR Friendly!

*Friend.* Ha! Jack Rakish! how goes the World? What says the old Spark your Father, does his good Humour hold still?

Young Rak. His Humour's indeed the same, though I cannot say much for the Goodness of it.

Friend. How so! are not you as free with him, as you us'd to be?

Young Rak. Yes, and he's as free with me too; the Soul of me, at least, my Pleasures I

A 4 mean,

## 8      The S C H O O L B o y .

mean ; of all the Vices this Town affords, and (Heaven blefs the Reformers) there's a pretty considerable Stock still left, I can't keep one to myself for him ; he out-does me at my own Weapons : out-drinks me, out-whores me, out-swears me, out-lies me, out-wits me, and (which I'll never forgive him) ----he out-lives me too.

*Friend.* That indeed may be the worst Part of your Fortune. What, has he not increased your Allowance yet ?

*Young Rak.* The Title of it he has, but my Income is much less than ever it was.

*Friend.* How do you mean ?

*Young Rak.* Why, he has obliged me, upon making it up Two Hundred Pounds a Year, to play with him every Quarter for Fifty Pounds, at Piquet or Backgammon ; both which he understands so much better than I, that I constantly receive my Rent in nothing but Re-piques, Capots, Gamons, and Doublets.

*Friend.* Why at this Rate, he allows you nothing at all.

*Young Rak.* Not so much as the Deal or the Dice, by Jupiter.

*Friend.* How can you live without Money ?

*Young Rak.* Faith I am heartily weary of it, and was this Minute thinking of a Project to bring him to better Articles.

*Friend.* Can I affist you ?

*Young Rak.* I can't tell but you may : You must know I am (or may be at least) his Rival in my Lady *Manlove*. She has given me Encouragement, which he is sometimes very uneasy at ; now I have no Way so likely to carry my

*The S C H O O L - B O Y.* 9

Point, as by flatly telling him, unless he immediately complies, I am positively resolv'd to pursue my Fortune there.

*Friend.* You could not have thought better; stand to it stoutly, I warrant you bring him down, to the Ready down.

*Young Rak.* D'ye think so? Egad, old Gentleman, look to yourself, or I may chance to jump into the Saddle before you. But see, here he comes; Ten to One he is now going to visit her.

*Friend.* Hark you, suppose you give me leave to try his Good-nature first; you'll then have a fairer Excuse for taking his Mistress from him.

*Young Rak.* With all my Heart: I'll be near enough in the next Walk to over-hear you; but if you can make nothing of him, I'll ev'n attack him myself, and come down Point Blank to the Business.

*Friend.* Away.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter Major Rakish, singing.*

*Maj.* Toll, toll, dum, dum, &c. — Ha!  
my little Ned, how is it?

*Friend.* At your Service, Major: You're brisk and hearty still, I see; how does your Son, pray?

*Maj.* O! a sad Dog! the Boy's ruin'd, strip'd,  
strip'd every Day! The Puppy will play, tho'  
he knows no more of the Lay than a Milkwo-  
man: Why Yesterday, now, I paid him Fifty  
Pounds for his Quartridge, I warrant by this

10 *The School-Boy.*

Time, the Bubble has not so much as a single Guinea to play at Even and Odd with.

*Friend.* He tells me, that you always strip him, and have oblig'd him to play with you once a Quarter.

*Maj.* That's true, for if I did not take Care, he would be throwing it away next Minute: So I am forced to oblige him to play with me, tho' I know the Dog would rather any Scoundrel should win it than his Father.

*Friend.* But this is allowing him nothing in the End, Major.

*Maj.* Nothing! why don't I pay him constantly, every Quarter?

*Friend.* Ay, but you constantly strip him every Quarter: Faith, Major, this Way will but drive him to some Extravagance at laſt.

*Maj.* Extravagance! a Hang-dog! Has not Nature given him a strong Back? Let him live by that, or let him do as I did, turn Beau, and live upon Tick; let him be civil to his Laundress, say soft Things to his Sempstress, help his Taylor to Custom, dine with my Lord *Open-house*, bilk his Lodgings, and now and then sharp a Play in the Side-Box.

*Friend.* This, I know, he's very often forc'd to do; but I believe he's heartily weary on't; for I heard him say lately, he had some Thoughts of marrying my Lady *Manlove*: Now, in my Opinion, she wou'd be a much properer Match for you; therefore I would even advise you to pay him his Allowance clear, and let him quit his Pretences to her.

*Maj.* His Pretences, a poor Dog! from what! his Estate! Three Shirts, Two Wigs, and

## The SCHOOL-BOY 11

and a Snuff-Box; does the Nouse Crown think to frighten me there, I'll try that presently. I'll visit her this Minute; the Dog shall starve this Twelve-month for his Impudence.

*Enter Young Rakish.*

Young Rak. Say you so, old Gentleman! Nay, then 'tis time to look about me, Sir.

[Pulls the Major by the Sleeve.

Maj. Ha! art thou there, my dear Smock-face?

Young Rak. If you're not in extraordinary Haste, may I beg the Favour to know whither you're going?

Maj. Why dost thou ask, my Chicken?

Young Rak. Because, Sir, I have some Reason to believe it may be to my Lady *Manlove*; therefore I thought fit to inform you, it would not be a very proper time, Sir, for I'm going thither myself.

Maj. Adso, that's true, I hear thou'rt going to marry her.

Young Rak. Th't's as I shall think fit, Sir.

Maj. Hah! hast thou nothing else to say to me, my dear *Dacky*?

Young Rak. Sir, if you have any Thoughts of going, in plain Terms I shan't care to see you there.

Maj. Hah!

Young Rak. For my Business with her is private.

Maj. Is it?

Young Rak. Therefore your Company will but disturb us, Sir.

Maj.

12 *The School-Boy.*

*Maj.* Disturb you, ha !

*Young Rak.* I hear, Sir, you make Pretences there.

*Maj.* Dost thou ?

*Young Rak.* And I advise you as a Friend, to give them over.

*Maj.* Say no more, my little *Dacky*. [Going.

*Young Rak.* Sir, I have a great deal more to say.

*Maj.* Say it.

*Young Rak.* In short, Sir, I find your Good-nature and my Fortune are so very low, that I am resolved to marry her.

*Maj.* To marry her ! — Very good — But upon Condition I will pay thee thy Two Hundred Pounds a Year constantly, Tax and Play free, thou art willing to renounce all Claim to her, ha ! Is't not so, my little *Dacky* ? Come, speak, you dear blushing Rogue, you, speak.

*Young Rak.* Look you, Sir, in Consideration that you are my Father, and one I would not willingly be a Rival to, make it Four Hundred a Year, and I'll have no more to say to her.

*Maj.* Four Hundred, my Child ! wilt thou hate me nothing ?

*Young Rak.* I'm at a Word, Sir.

*Maj.* At a Word, my little *Dacky* ! Nay, then for a quiet Life, do you see, I will give, I will give thee, let me see, what ? Oh ! the Devil a Groat, my little *Dacky* ! bye Ned, Toll, Toll. [Exit singing.

*Friend.* Faith, Jack, this I confess is provoking; what will you do ?

*Young Rak.* Be reveng'd, and rival him this Moment. *Friend.*

*Friend.* Can I serve you?

, Young Rak. Can you lend me your Lodgings  
this Afternoon, if a Man shou'd have Occasion  
for 'em?

*Friend.* Any thing I have is at your Service.

Young Rak. I thank you, dear Ned, Adieu:  
If I succeed, you shall hear from me.

*Friend.* Good Luck to you.

Young Rak. Let me see! Here have I Revenge,  
a good Estate, Marriage, and an old Woman,  
all together in one Dish. Now to consult my  
Stomach a little; Revenge is a pretty hollow  
Bit, that's the Truth on't; and Fifteen Hundred  
pounds a Year is well enough for a starving  
young Fellow to piddle upon. But then again,  
Marriage is Hell, and an old Woman is the  
Devil——Well, and what's a young one?  
The same, after a Month's Possession. Old,  
would she were Fourscore, for Egad, upon  
second Thoughts, when a Man is to be noosed,  
who the Devil would complain to be tied up  
in a rotten Halter.

[Exit.]



S C E N E



## S C E N E II.

*Lady Manlove's House.*

*Enter Lettice and Betty.*

*Petty.* WELL, *Lettice*, thou liv'st in a rare Family here; thou wilt certainly pick up a Fortune, and that's the Thing, you know, that picks up a Husband.

*Lett.* Nay, I have no Reason to complain of my Lady's Humour; for at any time if I have but a Mind to a Suit of Knots, or a Gown of a Week's Wear only, 'tis but commending her Shape or Complexion in a contrary Colour, and the Busines is done.

*Bet.* And if you have but a warm Intrigue to entertain her with, her Soul's your own.

*Lett.* Right: Did I never tell you how she served an amorous Book of Major Rakib's To-Day?

*Bet.* No how was it, pr'ythee?

*Lett.* You must know, he recommended one of Scarron's Novels to her; but withal told her one particular Page in it was a little smutty.

*Bet.* So!

*Lett.* Upon which she very discreetly desired him to double it down, that she might be sure to avoid it; but when she return'd the Book, that poor Leaf was more thumb'd and blurr'd, than the Beginning of a School-Boy's Accidence.

*Bet.*

*The S C H O O L - B O Y.* 15

*Bet.* Ha! ha! ha! And no doubt she took as much Pains to get it by Heart. But now you talk of a School-Boy, how stands your Affairs with my Lady's Son, Master *Johnny*?

*Lett.* O! in a very fair Way, Child! Tho' he pretends, upon our late Quarrel, to comply with his Mother's Persuasion of going to St. Omer, (by the Way, I hear she intended to make a Priest of him) now I know 'tis only to try whether or no I shall be contented to part with him.

*Bet.* How came you to quarrel with him?

*Lett.* He happen'd to catcin me alone, as I was making his Bed this Morning; his Stomach was up, it seems, and the young Gentleman was going to fall to before the Parson had said Grace; upon which I gave him a Box on the Ear, and vow'd I'd never marry him as long as I liv'd.

*Bet.* Marry him! Why I thought you had only designed to make a Fool of him.

*Lett.* That's making a Husband of him, I think; but see, here he comes, away, dear *Betty*, for now's my only Time to manage him.

Enter *Johnny*, and walks by Lettice scornfully.

*Johnny.* Dick! go and see if the Horses be come. What doft thou dangle after me for?

*Lett.* Well, Squire, I knew the Time, when you wou'd ha' been glad that I wou'd ha' follow'd you: But I find now you never lov'd me. [Cries.

*John.* It's a Lye! I did love you, so I did, Mrs. Snappish.

*Lett.*

16 *The S C H O O L - B o y .*

*Lett.* You wou'd not have the Heart to leave me then. Oh! [Cries.]

*John.* Remember, the back Closet up two Pair of Stairs, young Gentlewoman—Yaah! You cou'd squall louder then, when I did but offer to see whether you garter'd above Knee or not.

*Lett.* Why I don't garter above Knee, you may feel here then.

*John.* What do I care! I won't feel there, I'll do what I please, or else I won't stay.

*Lett.* No, Squire, you are mistaken in me, I am not such a one neither; I'll die, before I'll be your Whore.

*John.* And I'll be hang'd before I'll be your Fool; why *Dick*, why dost thou not get the Horses ready?

*Lett.* You shall not leave me then. [Leans on him.] If you will stay, I'll be kinder to you; do but try me till To-morrow: I won't cry out no more indeed. You shall tie my Garter where you please, if you won't go.

*John.* Will you let's buss you then? [Surly.]

*Lett.* Yes, in a civil Way. [Kisses her.]

*John.* Well, will you promise to love me now, and be free with a Body?

*Lett.* I'll love you as long as I live, if you won't leave me. [Squaws.]

*John.* Well, well, what do you whawle for?

*Lett.* I'm sure 'twou'd break my Heart to part with you; pray, dear Squire, don't go [Louder.]

*John.* What do you keep such a Bawling for; I tell you I won't go —— Let's buis you again.

*Enter*

Enter *Lady Manlove, unseen.*

*Lady Man.* What's here? My young Rogue, and that impudent Quean in close Conference. I'll observe them.

*John.* But will you promise to marry me To-Day if I wont go.

*Lady Man.* So! [Aside.]

*Lett.* Marry you, ay, poor Fool, you may be sure on't [Aside.] But won't you forsake me then, and use me ill.

*John.* I tell you, I won't use you ill, you Fool you.

*Lady Man.* O! I han't Patience. Why, how now, Sirrah! What are you a doing there? and you, Mrs. Flirt, I'll teach you to debauch my Son, I will, you stinking Jade you.

{Slaps her}

*John.* What do you strike her for, Mother? what do you strike her for? you shan't strike her no more. [Interposing.]

*Lady Man.* How, Sirrah! shan't I strike her? you sawcy Rogue, I'll sell you to the Ground.

*John.* Will you? I'll try that, [Holds her Hands.] Now strike me to the Ground, can't you? Let's see you strike me now. [They struggle.]

*Lett.* What an unfortunate Discovery was this? To be caught just as we had agreed upon Articles: But, however, I don't fear him, for I know he will marry me now, if it be only to contradict his Mother----Dear Squire, don't anger my Lady so; Pray, Sir, let her go.

*John.*

18 *The School-Boy.*

*John.* Why, if she will be quiet, with all my Heart; I don't meddle with her.

[*Lets go.*

*Lady Man.* O! O! The Rogue has sprained my Arms, I shall not be able to stir them this Twelve-month.

*John.* Look'e, Mother, I am sorry for't, I did not design you any Harm, not I: But why should you offer to strike the poor Girl so?

*Lady Man.* Sirtah, what's that to you, how dare you justify her?

*John.* Why, may be, I had a Kindness for her, what then? And, look you, Mother, to tell you the Truth, indeed I do think, you ought to be acquainted with the Business----- You must know, I design to marry her.

*Lady Man.* Dare you tell me this to my Face, Sirrah?

*John.* Why, how should I tell it you, behind your Back.

*Lady Man.* Sirrah! How dare you think of such a Thing! you Jack-a-napes!

*John.* Don't you call me Names, Mother; don't call me Names: But, if I do think on't, how can I help it? And pray why should not I think on't as well as you: I suppose you thought of a Husband, and why should not I think of a Wife? You have had your Swing already. I'cod my Father was no Flincher; was not I born of your Body, pray? And why should not I get Some-body on Some-body's else Body?

*Lady Man.* Was ever heard such Impudence? Sirrah, I shall turn over a new Leaf with you.

Your

Your Governor will be here presently, and he shall know what a wicked Rogue you are! I'll make him flea your Backside for you.

*John.* I don't believe you will, and he meddles with me, I may chance to lay him on his Back, he flea my Backside! he kis! —— won't he?

*Lady Man.* So, so, this is very fine Language!

*John.* Lettice, do you slip away into my Chamber, and I will come to you presently.

[Aside to Lettice.]

[Exit Lettice.]

Enter Father Benedict, booted, &c.

*Lady Man.* O Father! I am glad you are come; your Pupil here, my Son *Johnny*, has been making Love to one of my impudent Maids; and tells me to my Face, he'll marry her, he won't go his Journey, not he!

*Father Ben.* Leta me alone! leta me alone! come! come! Madam, 'tis better to give him de good vard — How you do, Young Gentleman! how you doe, me sal be ver glad to ave de Care of you;

*John.* Ay, and you had best have a Care of me.

*Father Ben.* You no feara dat, dat is ver' well, now you be one good Shild —

[Pats him on the Head.]

*John.* What do you tap me o'th' Head for?

[Surly.]

Father

20 *The S C H O O L - B O Y .*

Father Ben. O'me loſe you, Maitre Jeanny,  
me loſe you. [Chucks him.]

John. Let my Chin alone, will you.

[Strikes away his Hand.]

Father Ben. Vat you mean, strike a me ! vat  
you mean, me fal 'ave de Vip for you ?

John. Who is that you'll have the Whip for,  
you Loggerhead you, who will you have the  
Whip for? ha! [Doubling his Fist.]

Father Ben. Loggerhate, Jernie Bleu, vat  
is dat Loggerhate?

John. You may go look, it's ſuch a Fool as  
you are.

Father Ben. De Foole, a ha ! me under-  
ſtanda dat ver well, you call a me de Fool,  
Humph.

John. Why, don't you hear I do, Dunder-  
pate.

Father Ben. Dunderpate, Je vous prie, Ma-  
dam, vat is dat, Dunderpate?

Lady Man. A very ſcurrilous Name, Sir,  
won't you break his Head for't?

Father Ben. O, letta me alone, Madam,  
Ecoutes Maitre Jeanny, vat vil you ſay, if vor  
de Loggerhate, vor de Fool, and for de Dun-  
derpate, me fal give you one, two, tree Slaps  
of the Chops, Maitre Jeanny? Humph.

John. Why, I ſay, if you give me ſuch  
another Word, I may chance to wipe you cross  
the Jaws.

Father Ben. Ver well, where is de Reverence  
you ave vor me Personne?

John. O Lord, Sir, I do Sir-reverence your  
Person.

Father

The S C H O O L - B O Y .      21

Father Ben. Allons, den aska me de Pardon,  
aska me de Pardon.

John. Ask your Pardon, for what ! For  
what ! Can you tell, you Owl you ? Ask your  
Pardon — here, give the Poor Boy his Hat;  
there, now I ask your Pardon. [Strikes off his  
*Hat and Perriwig, and discovers his Crown.*] A  
hey ! what a Dickens have we got here ?

Father Ben. Ad la Grande Malheur, vat sal  
me do't He a discover my Couronne.

Lady Man. Undone, ruined, I shall never  
get the Rogue to go now.

John. Pray, Sir, what Trade are you ?

[To the Priest.]

Lady Man. He is no Trade, Sirrah ; but a  
civil, sober Gentleman, that I prevailed with  
to be your Governor.

John. He my Governor ! what, to make a  
Papist of me ; look'ye, Madam, as for Religion,  
d'y'e see, I han't been taught much of any  
Sort : But, Adsuckers, this I know, that I  
won't be a Papist; it's a hard Case, if a Man  
must go to the Devil, he can't take it out in  
what sort of Wickedness he pleases : For my  
part, I'll even go the Way of the Flesh, I'm  
resolved the Spirit shall not carry me ; Odds  
Flesh ! I won't be Priest-ridden thither : Not  
but I believe this same Gentlemen knows the  
Road as well as a *Dover Post-Horse*. But I  
am not so hot upon that Journey, and so will  
pull off my Boots, d'y'e see — — Toll; lall,  
lall.

[Sits down and Sings.]

Lady Man. You impudent young Rascal,  
how dare you offer to pull off your Boots ?

Sirrah,

22 - The SCHOOL-BOY.

Sirrah, I'll have your Bones broke; I'll make you change your Tune.

John. No, you shan't —— Toll, loll, loll.

Lady Man. You sawey Rogue, do you laugh in my Face, I'll whip your Eyes out.

[Offers to take Benedict's Whip.

Father Ben. No, trouble yourself, Madam, letta me alone; Allons: Put on your Boote, Maire Jeanny.

John. Toll, loll, loll. [Looking in his Face.

Father Ben. Vat is dad, Toll, toll, toll? Me say put on your Boote. [Cracks his Whip.

John. Ay, it's no Matter for that —— I won't change my Tune, toll, loll, loll.

Lady Man. Hold, Father, don't be too severe; I find there is no dealing with him, we must even try what fair Words will do.

Father Ben. Ma Foy, Madam, me believe dat is de best Way.

Lady Man. Johnny, my dear Johnny, don't be so wilful, pr'ythee mind what I say to thee.

John. Why, ay, Mother —— Now, your Note's altered, d'ye see, I don't care if I do change my Tune.

Lady Man. Now, thou art a dear Child! come, that's my good Boy, pr'ythee put on thy Boots again; see, here's Money for thee! Thou shalt have any Thing thou canst ask for.

John. Say you so? Icod, then I'll serve you a brave Trick! that Money will buy Lettice a pure Topping to her Wedding Cloaths. —— Why, look'ye Mother, because you give me good Words now, if you'll give me that Purse now, d'ye see, and make Vather Bald-pate walk down Stairs, why, I'll put them on again.

Lady

The S C H O O L-B a y. 23

Lady Man. But will you promise me to go  
your Journey too?

John. Poh, I will, I tell you —— why don't  
he go.

Lady Man. Dear Father, don't let's cross  
him in this good Humour, pray be gone.

Father Ben. With all mine Heart, Madam,  
Maitre Jeanny, me be your ver humble Ser-  
vant.

Lady Man. Why dost thou sit upon the  
Floor, *John*?

John. Poh, what does it signify — where's  
the Purse, Mother?

Lady Man. That's my good Child, put on  
t'other Boot, and thou shalt have it.

John. Pfha! why, there it is: you see what  
'tis to be civil to a Body — so now give's  
the Money.

[Fastens her with a Piercer to the Floor.]

Lady Man. Well, but will you promise to  
get on Horse-back as soon as you have it?

John. What, d'ye think I would tell you a  
lie, Mother, and look you in the Face in this  
Manner?

Lady Man. That's my dear Boy; there 'tis,  
to do what thou wilt with.

John. Toll, loll, loll.

[Rises and pulls off his Boots again.]

Lady Man. How, now! what does the Fool  
mean?

John. No Fool, no Fool, Mother.

Lady Man. Thou wicked Villain, I'll —  
[Finds herself Fast.] Ha! what's here, Hark ye,  
Sirerah, Rogue, what's the Meaning of this?

John.

24      *The S C H O O L - B O Y.*

*John.* That's because you should not follow me: Look'ye, Mother, always tie a mad Bull to a Stake. Toll, loll —— and there's my Tune again for you, now Toll, loll, loll.

[*Exit Singing.*

*Lady Man.* Was ever Woman plagu'd with such a stubborn Rascal! What shall I do? Oh! how the Rogue has rammed it in. —— Who's within there? If I live, I'll be reveng'd! I'll marry the lewdest Fellow about Town; nay, the most notorious Rogue of a Lawyer; but, I'll keep his Estate from him.

*Enter Servant.*

*Ser.* Major *Rakish*, Madam, and his Son, desire to speak with you.

*Lady Man.* They could not take me in a better Time, neither of them shall want Encouragement; here, pr'ythee undo this.

*Ser.* O dear, Madam, this is Master *Johnny's* Piercer.

*Lady Man.* Where is the Rogue, did you see him?

*Ser.* Yes, Madam, he just now put *Lettice* into a Hackney-Coach.

*Lady Man.* And did he go with her?

*Ser.* No, Madam, he's somewhere in the House.

*Lady Man.* If he offers to go out, be sure you dodge him, and bring me Word immediately —— go, bid the Gentlemen walk up.

*Ser.* Yes, Madam.

*Enter*

Enter Major and Young Rakish.

*Maj.* Madam, your most humble Servant ;  
Odsbud ! it's a Month since I kiss'd your Ladyship's Hand.

[Offering towards her, and Young Rakish steps before him.]

*Young Rak.* It's an Age, Madam, since I did ; therefore as a longer absent Lover, ought to do it first.

*Lady Man.* O dear, Sir, I'll swear you hurt me.

*Young Rak.* Can there be Harm in such a tender Grasp of Love ! Madam, your Charrus bound like a rowling Deluge o'er my Soul, and stifle me in Excess of fond Desire. Ah ! the very Pangs of Death are on me, I beat and struggle like a drowning Wretch for Life, and these my last Convulsions.—

*Maj.* Humph !

[Aside.]

*Lady Man.* Well, I really believe I might have Satisfaction enough in such a Husband, without considering the Pleasure of Revenge.

[Aside.]

*Young Rak.* Will you make it Four Hundred, Sir ?

[To the Major.]

*Maj.* Oons you Dog ! I'll lay your Head upon both your Shoulders.—

[Apart to Young Rak.]

*Young Rak.* O, take me to that healing Bosom ! wrap me in the warm Folds of Love ! Feed me with the Balmy Sweets that flourish there ; give me new Life, and nurse me to an Infant Dotage.

B

Lady

.26    *The S C H O O L - B O Y .*

Lady Man. O ! I shall faint ! I am not able to contain myself.

Maj. Dacky, thou shalt have an Hundred Guineas, pr'ythee let her alone, my dear Boy.

[*To Young Rak.*

Young Rak. Where am I? sure, 'tis Elizium [Starting back,] for mortal Flesh could never feed so high ; I surfeit with Delight ! my Soul's all over Bliss ! my ravished Senses ake with Pleasure, and I grow faint with gazing.

[*Falls on her Bosom.*

Lady Man. O, I die ! I die !                  [*Aside.*

Maj. Dacky, my dear Dacky, thou shalt have Two Hundred Pound.

Young Rak. Thus let us ever live ! thus blest with one perpetual Round of circling Pleasure, still fainting with Excess of Love, and waking still to new reviving Joys.

Maj. Oons ! how the Rogue has dissolved her.                  [*Aside.*

Young Rak. You see, Sir, what Posture my Affairs are in, nothing but full Four Hundred can forbid the Bans.

Maj. Say'ft thou so, my little Dacky, then there lies your way down Stairs, [Steps in between them and draws.] Sirrah, go, get you gone, Dog, go.

Lady Man. Oh ! for Heaven's Sake, what do you mean ?                  [*Holds the Major.*

Young Rak. Oh ! don't be frightened, Madam ; I'll tell you the Busines—— You must know, Madam, there is a young Lady here in the Pall-Mall, of a prodigious Fortune, whom, it seems, my Father positively designs I shall marry, or he will disinherit me ; and so let him,

him, Madam, if he pleases: For my Part, I confess my Soul and Body, Madam, are intirely devoted to your Ladyship; and if I were to die upon the Spot, Madam, I solemnly declare, I would not renounce one Tittle of that eternal Passion I have avowed for your Ladyship's most indelible Perfections.

[*Bows, and ogles.*]

*Maj. Ha !*

[*Astonished.*]

*Lady Man.* O fie, Sir, this is most inhuman, to force your only Son to marry one he can't love. Come, Sir, for my Sake spare him; pray put up your Sword.

*Maj.* Well, Madam, for your Sake, d'ye see, I—I will sheath my Indignation; But may I never more hear the dear, dear Glug, Glug of a full Flask, if all this is not a notorious Lie, from Top to Bottom. But now, Madam, to the Business I came for; Look'ye, Madam, if you and I make a Match, d'you see——— you must exspect every Ten Months, for the first Seven Years — Twins, Madam———I always get Twins; that Whelp's a Twin, Madam, and the Product of my Juvenile Recreations.

[*Young Rak. makes love in Dumb Shew behind his Back.*]

*Lady Man.* Let me die, but that is irresistibly persuasive.

*Maj.* I am very proud, Madam, your Ladyship likes what I say to you.

*Lady Man.* Well, Sir, I swear you have such a Way, and such a Son.      [*Aside.*]

*Maj.* Madam, I have Fifteen Hundred Pounds a Year clear Estate, no Children in the World but this Boy here; I shall drink him dead in a

28      *The S C H O O L - B o y .*

Fortnight, and then, Madam, after my Death,  
'tis all your own for ever : How say you, Ma-  
dam, do you like of it?

*Lady Man.* Ay, Sir, but now let me hear  
your Son's Proposals.

*Maj.* Psha ! a Beggar, a poor Dog, Ma-  
dam.

Young *Rak*. Madam, 'tis true, I have not  
one Groat in the World, have no Hopes of any  
thing, for the very Moment I marry you, I am  
sure to be disinherited : Madam, as a Friend,  
I beg you to believe this true, for I cou'd sooner  
die than cheat you with a pretended Fortune.  
[Kneels.] But if the last Extremities of an hum-  
ble Passion, have any Merit in the Eyes of  
Virtue, then shew your Pity here, and raise  
me with a kind reviving Hope.

*Maj.* What a Tongue the Dog has. [Aside.]

*Lady Man.* O dear, Sir, pray rise.

*Maj.* Psha ! Madam, Words, Words, mere  
Air ! Odsbud, I have an Argument in my  
Pocket, that uses to convince a Woman sooner  
than all the Poetical Raptures in Christendom :  
Look'ye, Madam, the only certain Proof of a  
Man's Passion, is, when he parts with his  
Money ; therefore, as an Earnest of my Af-  
fection, give me Leave to lay these Four Hun-  
dred of the King's Faces at your Feet.

Young *Rak*. Which, when you marry, Sir,  
you know, will be your own again.

*Maj.* Hold your Peace, Sirrah——There,  
Madam, dispose of it as you please.

[Gives it into her Hand.]

*Lady Man.* O dear, Major, this is an extra-  
vagant Piece of Gallantry——Bless me ! how  
heavy

*The S C H O O L - B o y .* 29

heavy it is —— Pray, Sir, do me the Favour  
to hold it for me. [Gives it to Young Rak.]

Young Rak. Tum, dum.

[*Learing on the Major and Singing.*]

Maj. I must murder the Dog, I must mur-  
der him. [*Aside.*] Oons, Madam, I could have  
held it for you.

Young Rak. But not so fast as I shall ; Tum,  
dum.

Maj. I was in Hopes, Madam, you would  
have made a better Use of the Money.

[*Out of Humour.*]

Lady Man. O dear, Sir, can I express my  
Concern for you a better Way, than by being  
kind to your Children ?

Maj. Ay, Madam, but not to my Rival.

Young Rak. So ! this has pretty well con-  
vinced him my Interest is better than his, and  
now is my only Time to tell it him. [*Aside.*]  
Look you, Sir, if you'll give me Leave to speak  
a Word or Two in private with this Lady, I  
will immediately convince you, that in her dis-  
posing of this Money, she had no other Con-  
sideration than your Interest.

Lady Man. What can he mean. [*Aside.*]

Maj. Why this might be done, Dacky, if I  
could but persuade myself to trust thee.

Young Rak. Why, Sir, you shall not trust  
me out of your Sight.

Maj. Humph ! say'st thou so, my little Dacky ?  
Nay, then I do give thee leave.

Young Rak. Madam, if you please.

[Takes her aside.]

*Enter Master Johnny behind.*

*John.* So, *Lettice* is safe enough now, and let 'em lock me up if they can—Hey day! who have we here? I find my Mother has a Colt's Tooth left yet; I warrant these are a Couple of Suitors now; I cod, I will put in with them—Sir, your Servant [*To the Major.*] What don't you know me?

*Maj.* Know thee, pr'ythee who art thou?

*John.* Who be I? Why, I be—I be—Icod I don't know what to tell him, not I—Why, I be Mother's Zon, don't ye see what I be?

*Maj.* Ay, my dear Lad, I see very plainly what thou art, but I want to know who thou art? Who is thy Father, Child?

*John.* Who? I've never a Father at all, but I believe I shall have shortly; for I see my Mother is there hard at work upon one.

*Maj.* How! thy Mother! why, is thy Name *Johnny*?

*John.* May be it is—what then;

*Maj.* Why then, very shortly, thou wilt be my Son-in-Law.

*John.* May be not—That's as I shall like you, may be.

*Maj.* Odsbud, you young Rogue, I'll buss you into good Humour.

[*Offers to kiss him, he struggles.*]

*John.* Let me alone! be quiet, will ye! you shan't buss me! Pifha! [Spits] what a Plague do you slaver me so for? You my Father-in-Law! yes, so you shall, Icod, I'll do your Business.

Lady

*The S C H O O L - B O Y.* 31

*Lady Man.* Why really, Sir, if this be true, I must needs own, he is a very barbarous Man to use his only Son at this Rate; as far as I can serve you, by furthering this innocent Revenge, Sir, you may command me.

[*To Young Rak.*

*John.* Hark you, Mother.

*Lady Man.* O you wicked Rogue! are you there?

*John.* Lord, don't ye be angry, Mother, I come to talk with you about Businesſ.

*Young Rak.* Oh! pray, Madam, give the young Gentleman leave to speak, however.

*John.* A good ſort of a civil Gentleman; I may chance to do him a Kindneſſ for this; I'll affeſt you, Sir, I will, if I can—I am good-natured enough when People are civil to me.

*Lady Man.* Well, what have you to ſay, Sirrah?

*John.* Say! why I understand that this old Soldier is a Suitor or to you, and (to tell you the Truth) I don't like him; he's a ſtrange hurly burly ſort of a Man; he has buſſ'd and fla-vered me here, whether I would or no, and has prickled my Face till my Eyes are all of a Water.

*Lady Man.* You fawcy Rogue, is this your Buſinesſ? Know then, Sirrah, that this Gentleman ſhall be your Father-in-Law, if he pleaſes: Come, Sir, if you dare trust yourſelf with me, I have ſomething to propose to you from your Son, that very nearly concerns the Happiness of us both.

*Maj.* Odsbud, Madam, you overjoy me! But has that dear Toad put in a Word for me at laſt then? Has he, *Dacky*? Thou dear

B 4

Son

32 *The School Boy.*

Son of an unhappy Dog, of a Father, buss me, you Whelp ; you dear Bastard, buss me—I will remember thee for this, my little *Dacky*, Odsbud I will. [Exit with *Lady Man*.

*Young Rak.* I shall give you Cause, I believe.

*John.* Lord, Sir, how can you let him flaver you so, don't it make your Nose tingle ? Ods-fish, he is gone away with my Mother too ! Shall I fetch her back again, Sir, Icod, an' you say the Word, I'll do't.

*Young Rak.* No, no, Squire, let him alone, he will be little the better for it—A good sort of an impudent Face this young Dog has, he may be useful, I'll strike in with him. [Aside.

*John.* Pray, Sir, ben't you a Suitoror to my Mother ?

*Young Rak.* Ay, Squire, what do you think of me for a Father-in-Law ?

*John.* Icod, I like you very well, better by half than that old Soldier : What a Duce do you let him take her aside so for ?

*Young Rak.* Oh ! it's a Design I have in my Head, Squire.

*John.* Ay, Sir, but do you know what Design she may have in her Head ? Look'ye, Sir, I mean you well, I would not have you trust her too far neither——Odsflesh ! you don't know her——Sir, you don't know her.

*Young Rak.* Well, Squire, I'm oblig'd to you for your good Meaning ; and in Return, will acquaint you with my Design upon the old Soldier.

*John.* Ay !

*Young Rak.* You must know then——

*John.* But hark'ye, Sir, by the Way, who is that old Soldier ?

Young

*The S C H O O L - B O Y.*      33

*Young Rak.* Only my Father, Sir.

*John.* How ! how ! Icod, then I find you care no more for your Father, than I do for my Mother. Well, Sir——but pray go on.

*Young Rak.* About an Hour hence, Squire, I shall privately marry your Mother, who, in the mean time, by my Allowance, is to flatter the old Gentleman with the same Hopes, and (to revenge a severe Quarrel I have with him) is to appoint him a Meeting, (just when our Marriage is over) at a Friend's House of mine, where I shall have a publick Opportunity to laugh at his Disappointment, and invite him to my Wedding Supper.

*John.* Icod, that's well enough : O dear, Sir, shall I not beg the Favour of you to get the Parson to do me a small Job too ? Odd, I have a tight young Girl here hard by, that I have a main Mind to be married to——Sir, won't you speak a Word to him to tack us together a little ?

*Young Rak.* How, Squire, to tack you together ! whom have you advised with in this Business ? Who is it you have a Mind to marry ? Are you sure she's fit for a Wife ?

*John.* I don't know, Sir, but I'm sure she's fit for a Husband.

*Young Rak.* Ha ! Egad, there can be no Harm in tying the young Rogue in a Slip-knot : This was a lucky Discovery ; something may be made on't. [Aside.] Well, Squire, I'll do all I can to serve you.

*John.* O dear, Sir, I am mainly obliged to you.

34 *The S C H O O L - B o y .*

Young *Rak.* Nay, I won't only lend you my Parson, but my Money, nay, my very Cloaths; egad, I'll make a Gentleman of thee.

*John.* Wull you, Sir? O law! [Overjoyed.] Icod, then my Mother shall make a Fool of me no longer—Sir, as I hope to be married, I had rather call you Vather-in-Law, than any Man in Christendom.

Young *Rak.* Psha! Pox! I'll be Brother to thee, Man; call me honest *Jack.* [Hugs him.] We'll smoak, and whore, and roar, and take a Bottle together.

*John.* Is your Name *John?* Why, Sir, my Name's *John* too: Adzooks, that's brave; honest *John*, how dost do? Damme! [Struts.]

Young *Rak.* Why that's well said, Boy; egad, thou, swear'st like a Gentleman already.—Come, my little Rake, now let's take one clearing Flask, before the Parson does his Busines; then get drunk, break Windows, maul the Watch, and bed our new married Wives in the Round-house.

*John.* Ha Boys! gad gramercy, Brother-Eather-in-Law. [Exeunt.]



A C T



A C T II.

S C E N E, Friendly's Lodgings.

*Enter Friendly and Young Rakish.*

*Friend.* WELL, Dear Jack, what Success?  
What have you done with the old Gentleman?

*Young Rak.* Oh! routed him Horse and Foot,  
*Ecce signum!* Here's the Golden Plunder, Boy!  
I did his Busines the first Onset; beat him  
clearly out of the Fort of the Lady's Favour,  
and made him pay four hundred Pieces Contribu-  
tion, before I delivered her up into his Hands  
again?

*Friend.* And have you done it?

*Young Rak.* For aught he knows I have;  
but by what I know, I have not: In short, I  
neither design to quit or keep the Lady any  
longer than she serves my Turn.

*Friend.* How so, Man?

*Young Rak.* Nay, I won't tell you my Plot  
before-hand: For, here they come, and the  
Farce is going to begin; pray, observe us—  
You'll stand by me upon Occasion.

*Friend.* O, you may depend upon me.

*Enter Major and Lady Manlove.*

*Maj.* Ah! my little Ned! wish me Joy,  
wish me Joy, Lad!

*Friend.*

36    *The S C H O O L - B O Y.*

*Friend.* Joy ! of what, Major ?

*Maj.* The Joy of all Joys, Boy : Here's a beautiful Lady, Sirrah, is going to give me Fifteen Hundred Pounds a Year to be her Bedfellow.

*Friend.* Very good Pay, I wish your Service may be able to deservye it.

*Maj.* Able, Sir ! I'd have you to know, I am as young as ever ; let me lay my Hand upon the Mane, Sir, you'll find I can jump into the Saddle still.

*Friend.* I'm glad to see your Ladyship here, Madam.

*Lady Man.* Dear Mr. *Friendly*, I am your most humble Servant ; tho', I dare swear, you little expected it upon so important an Occasion.

*Friend.* Mayn't we know the Occasion, Madam ?

*Lady Man.* I vow, Sir, it's such a critical Point, I don't know whether my Modesty will be able to go through with the Discovery.

*Young Rak.* If you please to give me Leave, Madam, I'll help you out a little.

*Maj.* Ay, ay, tell him, my little *Dacky*.

*Young Rak.* Well, Sir, not to keep you any longer in Suspence, the Short of the Busines is this : This noble Lady here, generously considering my Sufferings, under the Tyranny of an unnatural Father ; and being sensible, that by Reason of my indefatigable Love to her, I was in a perpetual Danger of being disinherited, has, out of her abundant Goodness, piously consented to revenge me of the said unnatural Father, by this publick Disappointment of his Hopes : Hav-ing

ing (to his utter Confusion) already taken to her loving Husband, the individual Person of me his lawfully begotten Son—*John Rakish.*

*Maj.* Humph! what is all this? Do you know, Madam, what the Devil is it?

*Lady Man.* All Truth, Sir, to my Knowledge; the whole Truth, and nothing but the Truth: So take me *John Rakish.*

[Gives him her Hand.]

*Maj.* Oons and Hell! I'll chine the Dog to the Navel.

[Draws.]

*Friend.* Not in my House, I beseech you, Major.

*Maj.* Pr'ythee, dear *Ned*, let me come at him; oh! he's a bitter Dog, I can't bear him.

[Trembling with Paffion.]

*Friend.* Pho! pr'ythee be pacified; if he must be run thro' the Guts, he'll deserve it an Hour hence as well as now: Besides, I would have you hear what he can say for himself; you know he does not use to be Tongue-ty'd upon these Occasions.

*Maj.* Odsbud! and that's true, my little *Neddy*! I will hear the Dog, I will hear him; and if I am trick'd, I'm satisfy'd I shall have the Pleasure of half a Dozen rare impudent Faces from the unrighteous Bastard, to back his Roguery howe'er—Come hither, *Dacky*.

*Young Rak.* Well, Sir.

*Maj.* Ay, that's the Look; hark you, Iron-Face, art thou not a perjured Rogue? Dost thou not expect to be split, and broil'd upon the Devil's Grid-iron?

*Young Rak.* I don't apprehend you, Sir.

*Maj.*

38 *The S C H O O L - B o Y.*

*Maj.* Did'st thou not promise, Dog, to renounce all Claim to that Lady, provided, I would quit my Title to the Four Hundred Pound?

*Young Rak.* Ay, Sir, but I considered four hundred Pound was Money; and one had better break one's Word, than a good Sum; and I thought it would be more profitable to marry the Lady myself, and to part with neither; I know, from your own Example, Sir, you won't blame me for good Husbandry.

*Maj.* Oh! not in the least, my dear Hell-Face! thou hast obliged me to the last Degree, by marrying this Lady; here, I can do no less than settle my Estate upon thee, which thou shalt have with a Vengeance; that is to say, I will instantly make Love to her Daughter, offer her my whole Estate for a Jointure, cut off the Entail, get a whole Litter of Children, and disinherit you, you Dog.

*Young Rak.* Look'ye, Sir, there I forbid the Banns, this Lady's Daughter is now mine, and I will not have my Family disgrac'd, by admitting such a notorious Rake-hell for my Son-in-Law: In short, your Pretences are utterly against my Consent, and I positively declare you shall never have my Blessing.

*Maj.* What a cross old Fellow is this now? Oons! I'd give five thousand Pounds to make the Whelp my Father-in-Law.

*Young Rak.* Come, come, Sir, for a great deal less Money you shall make this Lady my Mother-in-Law.

*Maj.* Ha! say'st thou so, my little *Daddy*? Why, art not married? ha! speak.

*Young*

Young Rak. So far from it, Sir, that upon Condition you will immediately sign this Paper, which will entitle me to four hundred Pounds a Year during Life, and at your Decease to the rest of your Estate, I am willing this Moment to show myself an obedient Son, and resign you the Lady.

Lady Man. Base Man! you won't offer to sell me?

[Offers to interrupt him, he keeps her off.]

Young Rak. Don't you trouble yourself, Madam, I warrant you; and to satisfy you that my Meaning's honest, the Writing is so drawn, that unless you actually do marry the Lady, you're not obliged to give me a Groat.

Maj. Say'ſt thou ſo, my little Dacky.

[Peruſes the Paper.]

Lady Man. Audacious Villain! have you ſerv'd me thus? I will be reveng'd, tho' I — here, Major, [Gives him her Hand] upon Condition, you'll never give that Villain a Groat, I will marry you this very Moment, and ſave you the Money; nay, do but engage to disinheriſt him before To-morrow Morning, and I here immediately promise you ſix thousand Pounds in ready Gold and Jewels, to ſatisfy any Extravagance you ſhall think fit.

Young Rak. So!

Maj. Disinheriſt him! Odsbud, your Ladyship's too merciful, an audacious Rogue! to think I cou'd be ſuch a Villain to wrong a Lady, Madam, of your unſpotted Virtue. Oons! I never heard ſuch an impudent Proposal ſince I was born, Madam; if he were at the Gallows, with the Knot under his Left Ear; nay, if the Word were given for the Cart to drive away,

Blood.

40      *The S C H O O L - B O Y.*

Blood and Brimstone ! I would not part with Eighteen-pence to reprieve him.

*Lady Man.* On that Condition I am entirely yours.

*Maj.* Oons ! Madam, I'll ruin him within this half Hour, I'll drive Revenge quite through his Soul ; nay, I'll send for the two Beggar-makers of the Nation, the Priest and the Lawyer, and make them clinch it on the other Side.

*Friend.* What the Devil shall we do now, *Jack?* was there ever such a Disappointment ?

*Young Rak.* Faith, *Ned,* she has Out-trump'd me, that's the Truth on't, but I can't lose all, *Man,* I have *Pam* in my Hand still.

*Friend.* What do you mean ?

*Young Rak.* Her Son, her Son, Boy ! the Rogue has chosen me for his Guardian ; he will be here presently ; I'll manage him to fetch her about, I'll warrant you.

*Friend.* Igad, that's lucky ; I am gald you are sure of a Trick to save yourself at last ; in the mean time, *Jack,* try what a Court Card will do ; play your Impudence upon them.

*Young Rak.* Mum !

*Lady Man.* Now, Devil, I am reveng'd of you.

*Young Rak.* I fancy not, Madam, — I suppose your Ladyship does not know that these are the Writings of your Son *Johnny's* Estate, by him the said *John* this very Day stolen out of your Cabinet ; which, because I am his Guardian, I will thus re-put into my Pocket.

*Lady Man.* Monster ! You his Guardian !

*Young Rak.* At your Service, Madam.

*Lady Man.* You dare not tell me so !

Young

The S C H O O L - B o y .      41

Young Rak. O ! I have a great deal more to tell you, Madam; I must have a thousand Pound out of your Hands To-morrow Morning, to put him and his Wife into a handsome Equipage.

Lady Man. His Wife !

Young Rak. His Wife, Madam ; she has had as good an Education, as your Ladyship's Service could afford. —— Lettice, I think her Name is.

Lady Man. Undone ! Undone !

Maj. Ha ! Madam, what's the Matter now ?

Lady Man. Oh ! my Child's ruin'd for ever.

Young Rak. That's as you please, Madam.

Lady Man. What says the Monster ?

Young Rak. That your Son, Madam, shall not be ruin'd, provided you will promise me not to marry that old Fellow, unless he signs my Settlement. In short, Madam, upon that Condition, I will not only resign your Son and his Fortune into your Hands again : But, I will likewise engage to find a lawful Expedient to disannul his Marriage ; which, if you don't immediately comply with me, shall be an eternal Secret ; so ev'n let him squander away his Estate as he pleases, I'll make a Shift to glean a handsome Livelihood out on't, I warrant you.

Friend. Nay, Madam, this is a very generous Proposal ; now, if your Son's ruin'd, you're the Occasion of it.

Lady Man. Sir, I beseech you, don't name it : I'll not believe a Word he says, I dare swear this is all a Sham, a poor Pretence, only to get his Ends of me.

Maj.

42 *The School-Boy.*

*Maj.* Nouns! Madam, you have nick'd it: But, if it were true, let me alone to manage him; I know him by Experience. Why, the Dog had the Impudence t'other Day to ask me to lend him Fifty Pounds; and in less than a Quarter of an Hour, I brought him down to Three and Six-pence.

*Lady Man.* No, Devil, I shall hear of nothing but Revenge.

*Young Rak.* Nay then, Madam, 'tis time for me to provide for myself; here comes one I am sure will stand by me.

*Enter Johnny with Lettice, and one in a Parson's Habit.*

*John.* Toll, loll, loll! a Hey! where's Brother-Father-in-Law? [Singing.

*Young Rak.* Ha! my little Imp of Lewdness! how dost thou?

*John.* How do I? why, I'm married, Boy! How shou'd I do?

*Young Rak.* Give you Joy, Madam.

[Saluting Lettice.

*Lady Man.* What do I see? Undone! Undone!

*Maj.* Humph! The Priest there too; nay, then Mischief is not far off. [Aside.

*John.* Well, but hark'ye *John*, how do my Mother and you agree? What, 'ben't you married yet?

*Young Rak.* O dear Squire! no, nor am I like to be; she is just going to be married to my Father.

*John.*

The S C H O O L - B O Y .      43

*John.* Odsflesh! I thought as much; did not I tell you, you did not know her? Did not I tell you so? Look'ye *John*, there are two Things she never kept in her Life, and that is a Fast-Day and a Promise; to my certain Knowledge her Word's but Wind, and Icod she no more values to break one than t'other.

*Young Rak.* Well, Squire, it shall never trouble me, as long as I suffer upon your Account; for to tell you the Truth, the real Occasion of her Discarding me, was my friendly Promotion of your Marriage: But, there's a very easy Way to reward my Service, which is, that upon Condition my Father will sign this Writing, you will generously condescend to chuse him for your Guardian.

*John.* I'll do't, an't were ten Times more to serve you; let's see the Writing, I'll do't Icod.

*Young Rak.* There, Sir. [Gives them to him.]

*John.* Look'ye, Sir,—You—Mr.—  
Mr. *John's* Vather here; I don't know what your Name is, not I; but if you think fit, d'ye see, to sign this Paper, I'll make you my Guardian—That's all I have to say to you:  
—So take and look it over.

*Maj.* Let's see, my dear Lad.

*Young Rak.* Madam, I am sensible a Word from you wou'd finish the Business; if you will stand my Friend, I am still ready to disannul your Son's Marriage. [Aside to *L. Mari.*]

*Lady Man.* Alas! Heaven knows, I would do it, were there but a Possibility of your making your Words true.

*Young Rak.* Madam, this Gentleman's Word and Honour shall be your Security.

*Friend.*

44 *The S C H O O L - B O Y .*

*Friend.* Madam, I'll engage for him.

*Lady Man.* Well, I find it is in vain to contend with him; therefore, dear Major, sign it immediately, and from this Moment, all I have is yours.

*Maj.* O Madam! a Word from you would make me do ten Times more. [Signs it.] There, Ned, you are obliged to see him perform Articles; if he keeps his Word, much good may it do him.

*Young Rak.* Come, Squire, are you contented this Gentleman shall marry your Mother, and be your Guardian?

*John.* Yes I be; and so let him take my Writings—and pray don't ye cheat me now; it's for John's Sake, I tell you that—

*Young Rak.* Madam, now to dissipate your Fears: In one Word, I must tell you, that your Son John here, my Brother Elect, is not married.

*Lady Man.* How, not married! You overjoy me, Sir: Make it appear, and you shall never want a Friend of me.

*John.* What a Devil makes you raise such a Lye now?

*Young Rak.* Pr'ythee, dear Squire, don't interrupt us.

*John.* I will interrupt you then; what do you shove me for? I be married, so I be; yes I be, I be.

*Young Rak.* Silence! Come Mrs. Lettice, pray satisfy my Lady, and this good Company, concerning your suppos'd Marriage with this young Gentleman.

*John.*

## The S C H O O L - B O Y .      45

*John.* Ay, ay, do let her speak, with all my Heart; see who will prove the Lyar, Mr. *John*.

*Lett.* Well, Squire, since I must speak then, I declare before my Lady and this good Company, that I neither am your Wife, nor ever will be.

*Young Rak.* Now, Squire, what say you?

*John.* I say she lies——she is my Wife, and you know it well enough, and the Parson knows it too: What a Rope did I give him Two Crown-pieces for?

*Maj.* Nouns! I don't know what to make of this Business; one says Ay, and t'other says No—Pr'ythee, dear *Domine*, put us out of our Pain: Come, answer to the Question, Are they married or not?

*Foot.* I must confess, Sir, at my Master's Request, I did mumble over a Parcel of Words, that satisfied the young Squire, as well as if they had been Canonical: But to convince you that it was not in my Power to do him any Injury that Way, I am no Parson, but your Worship's humble Servant and Footman, *Tom Skip-kennel*.

[*Throws off his Gown.*]

*Young Rak.* Trusty *Tom*, at your Service, Madam.

*Lady Man.* Well, dear Sir, this was kindly done of you.

*Lett.* Madam, I beg your Ladyship's Pardon: I must confess I had like to have married my young Master; but Mr. *Rakish* soon convinc'd me, what an uneasy Life I must have expected from your Ladyship and the rest of his Relations: But to satisfy you, Madam, that I never intend to have any Thoughts of him as long as I live, Mr. *Rakish* has been pleased to give me his Bond,

Bond, to pay me Thirty Pounds a Year during Life, provided I immediately leave the Town, and go and live with my Friends in the Country; which I faithfully promise your Ladyship to perform To-morrow Morning; and so, dear Squire, pray wish me a good Journey, as I do you a better Wife, and many happy Days.

*John.* What will you leave me now? Are these your Tricks? Pray give me my Purse again, since you won't marry me, young Gentlewoman! You shall have no fine Cloaths, I'll tell you that; give me my Purse, will ye.

*Lady Man.* Sirrah, let her alone: that Purse you purloin'd from me, and she shall keep it: Nay, to reward her Honesty, I'll present her with this Ring, as an Earnest of my future Kindness.

*Lett.* I humbly thank your Ladyship.

*John.* What! and so I am to be cheated out of my Money too: This is along of you, Mr. *John.*

*Young Rak.* Come, come, Squire, don't be troubled; when you want Money, come to me: In the mean time, hark in your Ear, I have a pretty young Wench in my Eye for you — She will be in Town in two or three Days — Mum!

*John.* Psha! what do I care for a Wench, if I can't have her when I have a Mind to it! Ad, I thought to have had such a Night on't now! and now the Parson has said Grace, you tell me I shall go to Dinner a Month hence.

*Young Rak.* Why then, to stay your Stomach, go with me to the last Act of the Play, and I'll show

show you one that never deny'd a Man twice in her Life.

*John.* Ay, so you say ! but I warrant she will pull me by the Hair, if I offer to meddle with her.

*Young Rak.* Come, come, I'll stand your Friend ; observe what I say to your Mother — Madam, your Son is sensible of his Error, and desires your Ladyship will take him into Favour again ; from this time he has promised never to disobey you.

*John.* No, no more I won't indeed, Mother, if you will but let me go with Mr. *John* to see the Play To-Night.

*Lady Man.* Well, be obedient for the future, and no reasonable Freedom shall be denied you.

*John.* Oh, Lord ! thank you, dear Mother ; I am glad we are Friends again : Lord ! I am so glad ! won't ye buss me, Mother ? [Kisses her.]

*Young Rak.* So, now I hope we are all Friends.

*Friend.* Well, Major, are you satisfied that your Son has perform'd his Articles ? Shall I deliver him the Writing ?

*Maj.* Why the Dog has done something for't, that's the Truth on't; though I will lay Fifty Pound, I have Seven to Four upon't before To-morrow Morning.

*Young Rak.* Well, Sir, I wish you Joy, and thank you for my Settlement ; tho' it's an Hundred to One, the World will think you have given it me, because you could not help it.

*Maj.*

48      *The S C H O O L - B O Y.*

*Maj.* Ay, and I warrant, Dacky, they will be apt to say too, that thou art as well satisfy'd, as if I had given it thee with a Good-will.

*Young Rak.* Ay, People will out with their bold Truths now and then: You see, Sir, the strange Power of a little Money; but now it's very probable you and I may be good Friends as long as we live: But when old Gentlemen expect their Sons shou'd love them heartily, without an hearty Allowance, it's a Sign they have more Money than Wisdom: Where Fathers are close-fisted, and think the Want

*Of worldly Blessing does their Sons no Wrong,  
Those Sons will think such Fathers live too long.*

[Exeunt.

F I N I S.

